no escaping
this moonlight—
Pompeii
   - Scott Mason

Navajo moon
the coyote call
not a coyote
   - Garry Gay

All Souls Day...
my name called
from the front gate
   - Michele L. Harvey

whalebone
from a beach near Savoonga—
winter rain
   - Billie Wilson

Indian summer
a spent salmon
washes ashore
   - w.f. owen

Thanksgiving—
fifteen minutes
of mince pie
   - John Stevenson

season of lights
the postman
leans to the wind
   - Ellen Compton

child's wake
the weight
of rain
   - Francine Banwarth

meteor shower . . .
a gentle wave
wets our sandals
   - Michael Dylan Welch

loon calls
my daughter drawing circles
near the fire
   - Marjorie Buettner